

Can't Fight This Feeling by BeautyInChains

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Summary:

Steve's grinning when he flicks Billy in the chest and announces he's off to take a leak.

Billy catches him by the collar of his jacket before he can take another step.

"No."

"What do you mean no?!"

He's laughing, but Billy's not.

Billy levels him with a look, wills Steve to understand that this isn't something he can just ask for outright. He doesn't know how.

Can't Fight This Feeling

Author's Note:

So.

This happened. Whoops. I have never written watersports before, but for some reason I was struck with the idea of Billy wanting something he's embarrassed to ask for and desperate Steve being all squirmy. This is probably the dirtiest, kinkiest thing I have written. In recent memory anyway.

If this is not your cup of tea, please don't read it. This is all about pee.

Obviously the title is borrowed from REO Speedwagon and the lyrics have no bearing on the fic, but it gave me a good giggle.

Well. Enjoy? Because IDEK!

The first time Billy realizes he might have *a thing* is one night after practice. It's Friday. Date Night. He and Steve are walking close enough that their shoulders brush and bump as they make their way down the deserted hall.

"Just gotta take a leak," Steve says as they round the corner, tipping his head toward the bathroom door.

Billy nods and follows him in, leans against the wall and fiddles with his lighter as he waits. He watches absently as Steve steps up to a urinal and unzips his jeans. They're been together a while now and he's seen Steve piss about a million times, but he's never really watched him before. Never stopped to look at his face.

There's something about the way Steve's lips part with relief as the first spurt hits the urinal and turns into a steady stream. Something about the way his eyes fall shut, lashes fanning out across his cheeks. Something about the way he sighs as he tips his head back.

Billy blinks at the sight before him. It's disgusting. And stupid.

And he is almost fully hard.

Billy wrinkles his nose as Steve's stream tapers off and he gives his dick a shake. He reaches down to adjust himself, but Steve's catches him in the act as he turns and smiles in that infuriating way of his.

"What?" Billy snaps defensively.

"You see something you like?" Steve asks playfully, gaze dropping to the front of Billy's blue jeans. Billy huffs in annoyance.

"You mean like your dick bouncin' around in your shorts all up and down the court for the last hour and a half?"

Steve is sufficiently distracted.

"Oh my God, you can see my dick through my shorts!?"

The next time Billy realizes he might have *a thing* is on the way home to Steve's from the movies. Steve's in the passenger seat of Billy's Camaro, thighs pressed together, fingers clinging to the sides of his seat.

"The fuck is your problem?"

"I gotta piss."

Billy suddenly feels hot all over, the heat clapping him so hard his head spins. He's sure he's turning red, but either it's too dark too notice or Steve is too desperate. Billy swallows hard.

"Why didn't you just go before we left the theater?"

"I don't know, we were talking, and I was distracted, and-" Steve breaks off on a groan. He is actually squirming, and boy does that do things to Billy's cock. One of Steve's hands has crept up between his legs and he is holding himself like a goddamn child.

"Don't you fucking piss in my car, Harrington."

"Just pull over."

"Pull over? We're almost there."

"Billy, I swear to God-"

"Okay, okay."

Steve is tumbling out of the car before Billy has even had the chance to pull all the way over. He can't see very much from his angle, just the outline of Steve's trembling body and his stream hitting the ground through the V of his legs. Steve is honest to God moaning and Billy's jeans are becoming tighter by the second.

"You better hope the Chief doesn't roll up and book you for indecent exposure," Billy hollers through the window. Steve flips him off with his free hand.

By the third time it happens Billy has mostly come to terms with the fact that he definitely has *a thing*. They're at some Sophomore girl's house party. Her parents are out of town and the place is getting absolutely trashed. They've been drinking, having a good time and Steve is looking buzzed, flushed, and happy. He's grinning when he flicks Billy in the chest and announces he's off to take a leak.

Billy catches him by the collar of his jacket before he can take another step.

"No."

"What do you mean no?!"

He's laughing, but Billy's not.

Billy levels him with a look, wills Steve to understand that this isn't something he can just ask for outright. He doesn't know how.

"No," Billy repeats.

Steve's fingers gently find Billy's where they're caught on his collar, "Okay."

And then their fingers are dropping and if Billy's not mistaken Steve looks a bit more pink than he had a moment ago.

Billy clears his throat, "You want a drink?"

There's something in his tone that has Steve nodding even though he doesn't really. Even though he's full of liquid and fit to burst.

Over the next hour Billy makes sure that Steve's cup stays full. He switches them from watered down beer to just plain water and by the time they're ready to leave Steve is squirming and Billy is so fucking hard it hurts.

"Billy, I am seriously going to piss myself," Steve whimpers once he's sunk into the passenger seat of the Camaro.

"*Fuck*, Steve."

"Billy?"

"Just a little bit longer, baby."

Steve whines, pressing his thighs together as Billy tears away from the party. Billy can feel his heartbeat in his throat, eyes flitting between the road and Steve.

"How does it feel?"

"Full. So full. It hurts, it, fuck. I don't know. Is this, are you-" Billy reaches out, grips Steve's hand, tugs it over, and places it over the bulge in his jeans, "Oh, fuck. You're so hard."

"Uh huh."

Steve places his other hand between his own legs for a different reason altogether. He's startled to find his own cock is starting to respond to Billy's obvious arousal despite the desperate need to relieve himself.

Billy speeds all the way to Steve's place, slams on the breaks the minute his tires hit the driveway. Steve cries out, a wounded animalistic sound that has Billy's gaze snapping to him. He moans the

moment his eyes catch of the small wet patch forming on the right thigh of Steve's jeans, the denim darkened by a wayward spurt of piss.

"Christ, wait, wait."

Billy is shaking as he gets out and makes his way around to the other side of the Camaro. He hauls Steve up and out by his shoulders. Steve is sweating, feels burning hot to the touch.

"Billy, I can't hold it."

They make it the last few, fumbling steps up the drive before Billy is slamming Steve up against the darkened side of his house. Billy straddles Steve's thigh, grinding up and into him.

"Fuck, come on. I'm seriously about to piss on you."

Billy strokes his thumb down Steve's clothed cock to the wet patch, "I know. I, I want you to."

Steve is too far gone to fight and he moans, curling into Billy as another hot spurt of piss escapes him and soaks through his jeans.

"Fuck, that's it. Come on," Billy growls.

Billy hears it before he feels it. The *thwap* of Steve's stream hitting the inside of his jeans followed the steady hiss as his bladder empties itself. He's making the most beautiful little hitching noises as his body gives out. Billy tilts his hips, shudders violently as hot piss soaks through Steve's jeans and into his, warmth curling around his cock. It's too good, too much.

"Shit, Steve, gonna, I'm gonna," Billy moans before he bites down on the shoulder of Steve's jacket, hips fucking into Steve's as he comes hard, cock pulsing in his jeans. It feels like it goes on forever.

When Billy finally winds back down the first thing he feels is Steve's cooling piss and his own cooling jizz. The second thing he feels is an overwhelming sense of shame and embarrassment. It coils hot and heavy in his belly. He curls into Steve's body with a whine.

Steve wraps his arms around Billy, giving him a gentle shake, "Billy?"

Billy clings to Steve a little tighter.

"Hey, it's okay. It's more than okay."

He gives a little snuffle against Steve's shoulder, "It's not. It's sick and it's fucked and I wanted it so bad."

Steve hums, "Did you like it?"

Billy snorts, but gives a small affirmative rut against Steve's wet thigh. He can feel Steve shrug.

"Then that's all that matters, you dickhead. Besides, I liked it, too."

Billy looks up from Steve's shoulder, gaze narrowed suspiciously. Steve rolls his eyes, tangles his fingers with Billy's and drags them down until they're curled around his hard cock.

"Well, fuck."

"Mmhmm. Now, are you done having a breakdown? 'Cause I really need you to fuck me in the shower."

"God, I fuckin' love you."

Steve's grin is blinding, "Yeah, I know."